

YOURNET BIBLE VERSION EVANGELISM

The Yournet Bible Version is the English translation of the new Dutch bible.

In this edition : Count your blessings, the Moloch Butterflies

COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS

Count your blessings.

An era has come to an end. We are entering a new dispensation. We will start with the Rodenberg Education, based on the Rodenberg version Bible, so that you receive protection against the world today. Keep your heart safe, and cling to the heavenly word.

'She is righteousness, and she has persevered in this righteousness, Therefore she knows no compassion. Why do you ask compassion from your maker? Does not your maker know best what is good for you? Behold, she is good. Be silent, oh man, for you are but a breath.'

BELOCH 4:9-10, RODENBERG
VERSION

A friend of mine said: 'These are crazy days and many people are sick. Mother Nature is striking back. They are now going to pay the bill to Mother Nature. Worldwide, people are dying in droves. And they know it very well, those world leaders. Oh, how some will be punished severely. Nature and God know no difference.'

Many prayers are not answered, much which man wants is not given, and that has a reason. Man prays excessively, and man wants excessively. Man has long since crossed the boundaries of nature, and now must return. That is why the book of psalms in the Rodenberg version Bible also states that heaven is merciless. That is not in the actual sense, but in the sense that man must return to what has already been given, because that is enough for man and that is where it is. Count your

blessings, look at what you have, go back to the messages that have already been given, the heavenly teaching, and then heaven is not nearly as merciless as it seems. The mercilessness is heaven, so that we do not get too much of a good thing. That is a law of nature. Overfeeding is always a danger, because then man becomes puffed up. That is why heaven is merciless, for your own good, to protect you. Therefore, let us bow to heaven and submit to her will, for she knows what is good for us. When heaven seems merciless, let us pray as the psalmist of Psalm 15 of the book of Beloch in the Rodenberg version Bible:

'You do not hear my cry, You seem merciless. Come into my heart, I want to learn from you. When things are merciless, it is to drive us back to heaven and to learn from her.'

THE MOLOCH BUTTERFLIES

In the depths of the desert, here, I had my tent. I watched around and saw nothing but skulls. I raised my sword and roared. This domain was mine. She came closer to me, this barbarian girl, with her big cats. She showed me her necklace, but I was scared. Women had often witchy powers to enslave people. I stepped back, went closer to my tent. 'I don't want to hurt you,' she said. But then she changed into a ghost and sped towards me while she shrieked, ready to enter my spirit, to possess it. I used my sword well, and soon she was vomiting on the ground. Some of my dogs started to eat from her soul. I knew she was just an illusion

here in this place. Lions were roaring in the distance. The air was hot. It made my skin almost bleeding. I licked from my skin. It was salty. Soon I was on my chariot, hunting, for swines. I loved swine meat. My blade was glittering in the sun light. It was actually not a sun but a huge planet close to mine, with enough heat and light to create a day. I licked my blade, and suddenly I stood before this pigmonster. It slowly turned into a woman. More pigbeasts appeared, and they all changed into women. Where was I.

Soon I was in an arena, a place of dust, slime and blood. She stared at me. Soon we were in a wrestling. She was mean, a lowhearted creature. She bit me like a hyena. Soon I was chained. Everything went so fast. They put me in a cage under a ball which looked like a small sun.

'Dandrar,' someone said. 'Finally we have you. We have waited so long for this moment.' I looked up and saw a woman with big feathers on her head, like a princess. 'Queen of Babylon I am,' the woman said. 'Oh the queen of the heavens ?' I asked.

She came closer to my cage. 'The butterfly pact,' she said slowly. The butterfly girls were almost buttnaked. Were these her angels ? They had strange scars on their buttocks, like strange stretched nipples. She went with her hand over it, and milk streamed forth. 'My women are feeders,' she said.

'Where am I ?' I asked.

'Close to Moloch,' she said. 'And die in the fire, child of hell, and drink from his

milk.’

I can’t recall what happened next but I woke up in my own tent, while glowing butterflies were flying around. I knew I would die if I would touch one of them. I slowly grasped my sword and chased them away. As soon as I struck them it was like my sword was boiling. I threw it away and stared at it in fear. These butterflies could give the strangest hallucinations, all leading to torture and death. I woke up just in time. They were the Moloch-butterflies, and touching them was even deadly.

(Research Center of the Amazon Bible,
1970-2017, ‘Bone and Bamboo’)
